Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter *Will* with the Clarke of *Chattam.*

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whose that Will?

Will. The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.
Now sir, whats your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you,
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name?
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,
Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke. *Exet* one with the Clarke.

Enter *Tom.*

Tom. Captaine, Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade.

Cade. Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

He Knights *Dicke Butcher.*

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.
Now sound vp the Drumme.

Enter sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Stafford. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Stafford. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade. The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Stafford. Well, thats true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Stafford. Thats false.

Cade. I, but I say, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.

Cade. But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.17) Octavo